

The BLAST

Vol. II.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 15, 1917

No. 3



THIS man subjected himself to imprisonment and probably to being shot or hanged under the new Espionage Bill

THE prisoner used language tending to discourage men from enlisting in the United States Army

IT is proven and indeed admitted that among his incendiary statements were—

THOU shalt not kill
and

PEACE on earth
good will to men

Why Not Burn the Declaration of Independence?

Robert Minor

WE are plunging into war head-first. That is, Wall Street first. There are probably not a thousand civilians in the United States outside of Wall Street (or a branch of it) who are in the least interested in having a war, or in the purposes of the impending entrance of this country into war. Yet we are headed straight for it. The reluctant majority of the body politic remains passive and dumb, scared stiff by the fetish of patriotism, while the head of the body politic, Wall Street, drags all into the turmoil.

In a moving picture show the other day we saw a photograph of Wall Street. Every inch of available space seemed to hold a flag. The owners of buildings everywhere are beginning to follow the lead of the owners of buildings in Wall Street, and the rest of the populace simply looks on and thereby discovers that it is patriotic, i. e., bloodthirsty. It is a wonderfully clear lesson. There is no reason for war except the Wall Street reason—that Wall Street backed the Allies and intends to see them win if it costs the life of the last American moujik.

With the principal news agencies owned or tampered with by Lord Northcliffe, the country has been saturated with the insolent royal English propaganda until it is a wonder that Wilson, with the Department of State and the Army and Navy heads, does not have a public burning of the Declaration of Independence on the Capitol steps.

Wilson has been swallowing "insults" from London fast enough to choke him. The English navy has demanded and received the privilege of controlling the United States mails without a whimper from Wilson. The shipping of American capitalists has been the plaything of the British, handled in any way that Britain saw fit, without even the trouble of an apology. When a few poor simple German-Americans made a noise about it, the insolent British government merely explained that it was "done in the interest of civilization."

Nothing counts but the war loans, and the war loans are bet upon the Allied side, so a hundred million Americans are slowly slipping into the abyss, dumb and paralyzed by their worship of symbols as silly as the sacred bull that was used to paralyze the minds of ancient Egypt. Wall Street drapes itself in the flag which means no more to it than forty cents' worth of bunting, and the rest of America slowly, stupidly is kicked into line behind the flag that is to it some strange narcotic. We saw a soldier in a saloon the other day singing in hectic drunkenness "The Grand Old Rag"; and the look of his blood-shot eye gave assurance that it meant to him blood. In blind duty, the common man, with a blank stare of stupidity, takes up the cry of "The Grand Old Rag."

In another moving picture show some marines were shown marching under arms; simultaneously a silly jingle was played that passes for sacred music in American patriotic circles; in other words, some patriotic air. To our surprise, only a few asses applauded upon seeing the uniforms and the guns and hearing the sacred jingle. A few minutes later the scene of the "Departure of Count Von Bernstorff" was flashed upon the screen and to our surprise many asses applauded! It was rather interesting to note that at a time when everyone expected war to break within a few hours, Count Von Bernstorff got more applause in conjunction with a silly German patriotic tune than the American marines did in conjunction with a silly American patriotic tune! And that right here in San Francisco! It is true that the Von Bernstorffian applause was followed by a few hisses, but immediately the applause doubled and the hisses were drowned out, and the aye and nay vote had gone to Von Bernstorff.

Of course, we have as much contempt for the Von Bernstorffian patriotism as we have for the Wall Street spawn. It's interesting, that's all, and may be a forecast of some hideous hell likely to break loose within the borders of America when Wall

Street steers us the rest of the way into war. It may indicate that the asses will not all be of the same school of asininity; it may mean that the declaration of war will be followed by an insane orgy of killing right and left on the streets of American cities, lynching of men with German-sounding names in New York and San Francisco and the lynching of men with English-sounding names in Milwaukee and Cincinnati.

What fools men are! Always willing to give and take death for any cause on earth except Liberty and Justice.

OF course, the British asses in American skins are fast coming to the front; the gnashing of Theodore Roosevelt's teeth echoes across the continent as he rushes into the soul-depressing situation to hysterically inform "us" "how to win."

Then there is a particularly loathsome fellow in New York by the name of Whitman, who holds the job of governor of the State, which job he obtained over the corpses of those he sent to the electric chair as district attorney in various popular newspaper-led lynchings. This Governor Whitman evidently is close to the hypnotic smell of bunting in Wall Street, for he gave vent to one of the most amusing bits of stupidity of all. A certain prize-fighter by the name of Les Darcy was scheduled to fight in New York, and Whitman saw a chance to make a grand-stand play. Whitman announced that Les Darcy would not be permitted to fight—why? **Because he was not doing his duty fighting in the British army!** A governor of the State of New York becomes a recruiting sergeant for the British army! How loathsome is the lack of even their own pretense of self-respect in such persons as governors! Yes, Governor Whitman denounced the prize-fighter thunderously in the London-owned New York papers—denounced the prize-fighter with the London-coined epithet, "slacker."

By these straws we know the wind; we know that the gold that is poured into American coffers for powder and shot and bombs and bayonets has corrupted the American governmental machine; we know that every square inch of honor has been bought by London, and we know that nothing on earth will save us from the impending tragedy unless a little rebellious spirit should appear in the lines of Labor—the faint hope that lingers, not because there is any chance of much spunk in Labor, but because a very little particle of it would go a damned long way.

THE prostitutes of State and college are busy paving the way for the American sheep to be sheep gracefully. A perfectly idiotic scrap of paper, the size of a man's hand, has been pounced upon by Woodrow Wilson. A letter written by an insignificant German, Zimmerman, is shoved into the faces of a hundred million Americans as an excuse for war. And the note means, if it is not a forgery—nothing at all.

A certain professor of the University of California let slip a few words the other day that are illuminating: **"The whole Balkan question is not worth the bones of one Berkeley boy."**

Balkan question? What has that to do with it? Professor, you should not let the cat out of the bag; remember, it is "honor" that is involved; remember, it is the submarines that sink a British ship containing two or three American pleasure-seekers and thirty thousand tons of ammunition that are the basis of this war. The Balkan situation? Oh, Professor, how can you be so stupid as to tell the truth at a time like this? You proceeded to say, **"The whole Balkan question is not worth the bones of one Berkeley boy, but we must do our duty and not let any one else do our fighting for us."** (Meaning precisely the opposite of what you say.)

The Balkan situation is simply this: An enormous cross-mark drawn upon the map of Europe, one line from Berlin down

through Asia Minor, the other line from Central Russia to the Mediterranean Sea, would intersect at Constantinople. This X mark is the story of the Balkans. German manufacturers, being more or less shut off from the West by Great Britain, want to sell their goods in Asia Minor and build up markets eastward. The way to do that is to get a continuous railroad line from Germany to Bagdad.

The British don't want Germans to get direct rail connection with territory so close to India. The big, fat, dropsical British industrial system is too soft and slovenly for competition, and for German merchants to reach the border of India with their products would mean a hundred thousand British asses tumbling out of comfortable clubs and homes to earn a living instead of feasting upon bleeding India; therefore, Britain, controlled by the East Indian trading interests, is against a German railroad through the Balkans.

Now for the other line of the X, from Central Russia to the Mediterranean. This is the only hope of Russian commercial interests to ever attain a modern status and strength, for the northern sea-ports of Russia are bound in ice a part of the year and Russia must have a backward commercial system until she can get a warm-water outlet for wheat and her other products, unhampered by the tariff restrictions of an unfriendly power. Therefore, Russian interests are set on keeping Germany's line of communication broken so that Germany cannot obstruct Russia's other leg of the X.

That is what the war is about. When the Austrian government demanded that Serbia permit Austrian police authorities to participate in running down the assassins of the Austrian archduke, the Austrian government really meant nothing more or less than to get a toe-hold in the management of Serbia for the purpose of ultimately forcing railroad concessions for Austria

and Germany. They didn't give a damn for the killing of the archduke; it was the Berlin to Bagdad railroad for which Germany and Austria saw a chance of breaking a right of way through Serbia, that caused the Austrian demands. The reason the Austrian demands were refused was simply that Russia saw its hopes of controlling warm-water ports going glimmering if Austria got a toe-hold in Serbia; and because the fat English aristocracy saw its blood-sucking hold on the throat of India about to be broken.

NOW, why are the peace offers of Germany refused by the British?

Because Germany controls at the present time an almost complete right of way from Berlin to Bagdad, and if the war stopped at the present moment, the British East Indian interests would go to smash and have to be reorganized on a modern plane of small profits and sharp competition.

So London refuses peace and commands New York to start war upon Germany.

Wall Street is flaring, glittering with bunting. Since when did Wall Street become honorable? It means that you Americans are to go and dot the hills of France, and possibly the Balkans, with your graves, because Lord Northcliffe bought the New York newspaper interests and J. P. Morgan financed the Allied arsenal; and London commands that India must remain its prostrate victim if it cost the life of the last American moujik.

Poor Woodrow Wilson is nothing but the tin whistle through which the war blast blows. Wall Street blows the blast and you Americans are commanded to kill and to die.

Are you so paralyzed with stupid fetiches and rag-time songs about a "grand old rag" that you cannot refuse?

The Lynching

ALEXANDER BERKMAN

MOONEY convicted! What almost everyone believed impossible has actually happened. In spite of the self-contradictory evidence of the prosecution, in spite of the badly-jointed perjury of the State's important witnesses, in spite of the overwhelming proof of his innocence, Mooney has been convicted.

Are there still humans extant who believe that justice for workers is to be found in the courts? That the Fickerts, Swansons, Cunhas et al., have deliberately plotted to railroad innocent men to the gallows is now plain even to the lowest intelligence. Could the judge have been so blind as not to see it? If he was, he is not fit to be a judge, as indeed no one is fit to sit in judgment over others. "Judge not that ye be not judged."

But the judge could not be so blind. His charge to the jury proves that he was not. Indeed, his charge would have ordinarily acquitted any man not in the prisoners' dock as the representative of a cause, of a new ideal, of the best aspirations of Labor for ultimate emancipation. And here is where the root of the thing lies. Mooney and his co-defendants are not being tried for bombing, for murder or any other crime of such ordinary, common nature. No indeed! They are being tried for a far greater crime, more heinous than any on the court calendar—the crime of heresy.

They have propagated a new message, the freedom of man and the dignity of Labor. They have preached a new gospel, even like unto Christ. Like unto Christ, they are to be crucified. For no sin is greater in the eyes of the ruling class, no crime more unforgivable than the preachment of the brotherhood of Man and the solidarity of Labor.

Judge Griffin is a small man. He lacked the bigness of heart and mind to rise to the great opportunity that the perjured and prejudiced verdict offered him. Convinced as he must be of the innocence of Mooney—as his charge to the jury proves him to be—he lacked the probity and courage to refuse to accept the foul verdict. He could have graven his name large on the

tablets of history as an exceptional, wonderful phenomenon—a just judge. But he is not an Altgeld. He did not dare expose the frame-up that is thirsting for the blood of innocent men. He preferred to remain a judge, craven-hearted and conscience-stricken, rather than to immortalize his name at the cost of political preference.

AND so Mooney must die to satisfy the vengeance of the Chamber of Commerce? And with him others of his co-defendants? Oh, Justice, thine eyes have been bandaged so long, thy sight, mind and heart have rotted away. It is sheer folly to look for the fair goddess, the Goddess of Fairness, in the temples built for the special worship of the blind bawd. No, never will there be found "Justice" for Workers. The Power of Labor alone holds the true scales. Its mighty hand alone can deal the workers fair play. In the last analysis it will not be the judge or jury that will pronounce the final verdict in this case. The awakened conscience of the people, of the great masses of workers of America, will speak the final verdict that will expose the Pilate crime of San Francisco to the undying execration of mankind and enshrine the names of its victims among the martyrs of Labor and the immortals of history.

Already the voice of Labor is being heard in protest against the heaven-crying outrage. The Labor Council of San Francisco and of other California cities, the Federation of Labor of Chicago, the Central Federated Union of New York, the United Hebrew Trades, and the Central Labor bodies of numerous other cities have unqualifiedly condemned Lynch Law against Labor in California. Every labor and labor-friendly organization must at once go on record in behalf of Mooney and his co-defendants. A mass-movement must be organized to sweep the country from the Pacific to the Atlantic in a storm of protest that shall terminate the masters' conspiracy to legally murder these labor men. In this alone there is hope for justice; in this alone lies the saving of our brothers and sister and the prevention of the repetition of the judicial murders of 1887.

THE BLAST

Revolutionary Labor Paper

Published every 1st and 15th of the month
509 Dolores St., San Francisco, Cal.

Mail Address, Box 661

Phone, Park 499

Alexander Berkman, Editor and Publisher
M. E. Fitzgerald, Associate Worker Carl Newlander, Assistant

SUBSCRIPTION

\$1.00 Yearly 60c Six Months 5c Copy
Bundle rates 2½c per copy in bundles of ten.

Reflections

Food Riots

FOOD everywhere, warehousefuls of it, carloads upon carloads—and nothing to eat for the poor. That is the present situation in New York as in other great cities of America.

Think of the spectacle! The richest city of the richest country in the world, in the most prosperous period of its existence, has thousands, hundreds of thousands of men, women and children actually starving for the necessities of life—and forced to riot for bread.

Nor is it the unemployed who, because of lack of work, cannot secure their livelihood. Oh, no! Work is plentiful, and the husbands and brothers of the rioting women are toiling from early morn till late into the night. But their earnings cannot compete with the soaring prices of the necessities of life. It is not the unemployed or "shiftless" that are starving. It is the wives and children of the "fortunate" employed that cannot afford to buy sufficient food. Lo, the triumph of capitalist civilization!

Back again we are in the darkest days of old Rome, when the helots massed in the street with the cry of despair, "Panem, panem!" ("Bread, bread!") The masters of Rome at least had the excuse that there was not enough food to go around. But what excuse have the Neros of today? The hostleries of the rich are stocked with viands of the choicest sort; the cold storage fortresses are bursting with food. Provisions by the trainloads are forbidden to be unloaded. Last fall, fish and fruit in large quantities were dumped into the rivers to create an artificial scarcity.

Speculation is the Lord God of our day. The city fathers, the legislators, State and National, stand helpless before the great King Mammon. No one claims that there is not enough food to go around. Food, good food, there is a-plenty, but the speculators keep it from the people! And the mayors and governors, the humanitarians and reformers know no better than to advise the starving to—eat rice! Forthwith the price of rice soars Zeppelinward. The idea of expropriating the murderous speculators, of returning to the people the food they themselves have produced, never occurs to these benefactors. What! To give back to the people the things they have been robbed of—that would be "lawless," "criminal," sacrilege against the holiest of holies, Monopoly.

And so the good, patriotic, law-abiding people must starve in silence. The more daring cry for a crust of bread or a potato for their children, and are clubbed and arrested by the police for "rioting."

This is civilization in the blessed country of the free—home of the brave.

WHY should these people not be patriotic and shed their last drop of blood in defense of their country? What if they have to riot in their own land for an onion or a potato, or if they have not an inch of space they may call their own? The "honor" of the country must be protected at all cost, the honor of Wall Street and the right of speculators to coin millions out of the European slaughter.

Above all, one must be a patriot, must love and protect the country that starves him.

Flim-Flam

NOW it appears that Germany has been making "indecent proposals" to Mexico and Japan. Nothing less than a sinister plot to invade these United States. And President Wilson, it seems, knew of it all along, but refused to take the sovereign American citizen or even Congress into his confidence. He subtly saved the information to be sprung at a psychological moment, to stampede Congress into giving him the power of a dictator. Willy Woodrow, whom the pacifists and other well-meaning but weak-minded persons adored as the very personification of sincerity, straightforwardness and peace.

Not since the days of the Royalist Hamilton has this republic had such a shrewd politician at the helm as Wilson. Under his inspiration the democracy is being transformed into an armed camp—for the protection of the starving American masses against their native exploiters and blood-suckers? Oh, no! Rather for the safeguarding of the blood-dripping profits of the American munition hucksters abroad and the protection of the American employers against the ever-growing discontent of labor at home.

Workers, be on your guard. Militarism means your complete subjugation. It means industrial conscription and the paralysis of the whole labor movement. You have nothing to fear from the workers of other countries. They are similarly oppressed and exploited as you are. Your interests are common; your enemy is the same—the capitalist class that feeds on your toil. Your greatest, your only danger is from your enemy at home—the exploiters of labor.

EVERYONE likes to be thrilled and some liked to be humbugged. But in the present "foreign foe" scare there is nary a thrill. It is all pure humbug. The munition makers will be the only beneficiaries; the people will foot the bills; and labor will be industrially conscripted.

WITH a bluster, certain men are now stating that "Labor disputes that rent England and France a year ago will not be repeated in this country should the United States be plunged into war. Disputes between the government and labor held those countries back more than a year. It will not be that way in America. Labor will know what is expected of it and Labor will be ready for the call."

Why say this so loudly? Has anybody denied it? The reason for saying it seems to be the fear that it may not be true. Let us hope.

German Militarism

IN order to save us from German Militarism, the "Espionage Bill" comes to light. Under this law, if finally passed, any person who expresses an opinion that might discourage men from joining the army, may be taken out and shot. Russia is, it seems, the future ally of the United States, and the United States will try to go Russia one better on beastly military tyranny. Germany is bad enough; Russia is worse; and the United States, to save the world from the tyrannical German system, is to be more despotic in its laws and submit its citizens more rigorously to the bucolic whims of uniformed murderers than either Russia or Germany or any other place under the sun.

If you express your opinion that the politicians that rule the land might be sending us to slaughter for the benefit of the financial class, you are a traitor, a spy, a criminal to be shot immediately.

It is a good thing that laws are never enforced simply for being laws. Sometimes the law happens to be what the people will stand; then it is enforced. If it is not what the people will stand, it is not enforced. And everything that the people will stand is always enforced anyhow, so it doesn't make much difference what the law is.

The law is practically no more than an indication of what it is the intention of the powers-that-be to enforce, and a feeler

thrown out to see what the multitude will stand. There are thousands of laws on the statute books that are not enforced and no public official, except in grand-stand speeches, makes any pretense of enforcing all of the laws. We constantly hear of some judge or police chief announcing that he intends, "after this," to enforce a certain law, "if," etc. The "if" always means if a strong element demands it.

The perfect abandon with which enemies of the financial powers have vengeance heaped upon them in violation of all law proves that a law is not needed for the enforcement of any desire of the powers. And the perfect immunity of any powerful person or interest from all law shows that any law is a joke unless the strongest power in the land demands its enforcement.

According to law, as doubtless it soon will stand, you can be taken out and shot for speaking sanely or decently on this most important subject—war. But, as a matter of fact, they can do nothing of the kind to you if you are strong enough—and brave enough. The espionage law is merely a bluff to scare timid pacifists from protest. If pacifists have the courage to defy it, this cowardly, tyrannical, beastly law will not dare to touch them.

A Woman Dares

CAPITALIST civilization is a monster bawdy-house. Everyone in it is expected to be a prostitute. And most particularly those who have positions in any governmental institution are supposed to hold their very souls subject to the demands of the bawdy trade.

The bawdy-house is now and then thrown into a hubbub by the refusal of some clean soul to prostitute itself.

Now particularly is the bawd trade booming as war time approaches. Everyone is expected to be a perfect prostitute, and the penalties are heavy.

A teacher in a Kansas City school has refused to prostitute her calling as a teacher—she has been really teaching; she has dared to speak the truth. Kansas City is turned upside down and the Navy Department has gone into action like the body of hysterical ninnies that a Navy Department should and must be. Pompous naval officers are running about, burning the telegraph wires, and Washington is groaning with anguish because a little woman teacher wrote upon a blackboard, in an obscure Kansas City school-room:

"Why enlist? You have nothing to gain and your life to lose. I refuse to kill my brother and hide my fists in the folds of any flag."

Miss Warneson's sin was merely that of advising against killing.

"I do not think these sentences are any more radical," said she to the president of the Board of Education, "than those enunciated by Christ when He said, 'Thou shalt not kill.' I don't think they are more radical than 'Peace on earth, good will toward men.'"

What "patriotism" really is has been thoroughly shown by the fact that Miss Warneson's teaching of "Thou shalt not kill" has been denounced as anti-patriotism. Indeed, "Thou shalt not kill" is the antithesis of patriotism.

How dare the little woman disturb the house of prostitution by shouting, while the customers are here, "Thou shalt not prostitute?"

Brave little woman! You have shown Americans what one individual can do. If you, a lone little school teacher, can turn the Navy Department upside down and cause a hubbub from Coast to Coast, what could not a thousand courageous individuals do?

The capitalist bawdy business requires absolute submission, and a few hundred brave spirits in evidence would stop this particular bawdy business of militarism now and save the land from the hell that is breaking.

SEND for a copy of Margaret Sanger's new magazine, *The Birth Control Review*, 104 Fifth avenue, New York City.

The Bought Lie

IF ever a common man had any cause to believe in the courts of law, the events of recent times in America should bring him flatly to the point of view that the purpose and effect of all court procedure is merely to put a blessing upon crime. In Everett, Washington, the crime of hanging or imprisoning seventy-four I. W. W. prisoners calls, of course, for a perjurer or two. A perjurer was sure to be forthcoming; we could have foretold that a half year in advance. He has come.

One Charles Auspos, alias Austin, has decided to take the thirty pieces of silver, or, in American money, five thousand dollars, and his liberty in exchange for swearing to what the employers want in the way of "testimony" against the other seventy-three prisoners.

Five thousand dollars! The regular price for perjury on the Pacific Coast. The same price that was offered Weinberg and Billings for the blood of Mooney in San Francisco.

Auspos seems to be a last resort, several others having been made the offer before he accepted. One of the I. W. W.'s by the name of McDowell was smuggled away to the little town of Mount Vernon, Washington, and offered the same \$5,000 and a trip to Honolulu in consideration for perjury against his comrades. McDowell happened to be a decent man and will probably hang for it. The whole result of the attempt to bribe McDowell was merely the exposure of the dirty plot.

The trial of Thomas H. Tracy is commencing at the present time. The same old farce it will be, of course.

We wonder what the result would be if all of the seventy-three prisoners were to unite in one grand defiance and refusal to join in the court procedure. Nothing else seems to work in securing justice. Advice is cheap and we don't wish to impose it; but perhaps some day someone may try the logical attitude toward a contemptible institution and will find that his defiance will paralyze the institution through the appeal of courage to public opinion.

Another Gallows Stampede!

ISRAEL WEINBERG'S trial is set for March 26th. With the treasury of the Defense League exhausted, Weinberg has not even been able to arrange for attorneys. He was brought into court alone, March 13th, and he asked for time to get together attorney fees and hire a lawyer. The judge's response was merely to call to the bar a young attorney who had appeared for Weinberg in a small technical matter and demand that he defend Weinberg on the murder charge and that the trial proceed almost immediately. When the young attorney explained that Weinberg did not desire to be defended by him, the judge threatened the lawyer with jail and intimated that he would force Weinberg to go to trial with that attorney whether he wished or not.

A Huge Corporation and What It Stands For

The American International Corporation has been organized with a capital of fifty million dollars for over-seas trade and financing. It is financed and officered by Standard Oil and Morgan interests. It is the American expression of the big exploiting banks of England, Germany and France. The officers of this corporation are boldly insisting that this country must enter the fields which they have laid out for it, that the adverse decision of President Wilson in the Chinese five power loan must be abandoned and that America must stand back of these exploiting and investing interests in their over-seas activities.—Frederic C. Howe in *The Public*.

What is Freedom? It is obedience to Nature's laws, and to those laws only.—Laurie J. Quinby in *The Public*.

Full Story of Mooney Conviction

M. E. F.

FRESH from the press comes the second edition of the now famous pamphlet, *The Frame-Up System*, the story of the trials of Billings and Mooney. A splendid story it is, chock full of brand new news of live interest to everyone, whether having read the earlier edition or not. The first edition of sixteen pages was sold to the number of 50,000. This second edition has thirty-two pages and is twice as good, with an array of photographs that explain the most astonishing story of fraud that ever came out of a so-called criminal trial. It is expected to sell to the number of half a million or more, the first order having been placed for 100,000 copies.

At the blackest hour in the legal status of these historic cases, the dawn of public understanding seems about to break. For, if Mooney stands sentenced to death, nevertheless the truth is known to a few of those big souls who cannot be denied a hearing; therefore the truth is flying fast throughout the East, the West, the North and the South. W. Bourke Cockran has gone to the American people with his story. On March 14th he opened a campaign at Carnegie Hall, New York, under the auspices of the Central Federated Unions, with tremendous effect. On March 25th he will speak in Chicago under the auspices of the Chicago Federation of Labor, with every union man in Chicago summoned to attend.

So also is Frank P. Walsh under arms for the fight. It looks as though within a few weeks the whole tremendous body of American Labor will fully assert itself in active protest against this most cold-blooded judicial crime in American history.

The San Francisco Labor Council on February 16th took a worthy stand, passing by a heavy majority the following resolution which has since been passed by forty or fifty other Bay City Labor bodies:

Whereas, In the recent trial of Tom Mooney, a member in good standing in The International Molders' Union for the past fourteen years, he was convicted and is in imminent danger of being railroaded to the gallows on a trumped-up charge, and on the most brazen and contradictory testimony; and

Whereas, It has been proven that the testimony of Estelle Smith, Crowley and McDonald, used to convict Warren K. Billings, is a flat contradiction of the evidence of Oxman, used to convict Mooney; and

Whereas, Twenty-one alibi witnesses, numerous photographs and time clocks have established an unmistakable alibi; and

Whereas, The verdict is at total variance with the evidence produced, and is the result of the prosecution's past six months' activity in the public press in misrepresentations of facts and an appeal to the most severe prejudices of the public; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, The San Francisco Labor Council, affirm our belief in the innocence of Thomas J. Mooney and his co-defendants, and pledge them our aid in their efforts to secure justice; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the labor and daily press.

Frank P. Walsh, in a letter to Mooney, says:

Kansas City, Mo., February 27, 1917.

Dear Friend Mooney—I have hesitated in answering your splendid letter of the 18th inst., so overwhelmed have I been with the thought that such a travesty upon justice could take place within the borders of our nation.

I agree with you that your case has become the concern of labor everywhere and that if there are those who have been unmindful of their duty toward you, that now, at least, they will be stimulated to the utmost endeavor to repair this frightful wrong.

It is certain that I have never before received a letter which made such a profound appeal to me as did yours, and I am lost in admiration for this expression of your brave and unquenchable spirit.

You may count upon me to do all in my power to present the facts in your case to the people of the United States, especially the world of labor. I agree with Mr. Cockran that your conviction may be the entering wedge to an awakening of the American people to the absolute necessity of reform in the administration of law. The greatest legal minds of this country, including the heads of great universities, high judicial officers, former presidents of the great bar associations of the country, and other leaders of thought, testified before the late Commission on Industrial Relations that the humble citizens, particularly the workers, were discriminated against in

the courts of the country—a fearful arraignment, I would say, of our whole system of jurisprudence.

I cannot believe that your life is to be sacrificed, though I fully realize that in order to save it a strong, intelligent and well-directed appeal must be made to the nation. In my small way I have done all I could along this line.

You know that you have the deepest sympathy of my heart and I wish that you would extend the same to your good wife and your fellow sufferers. I hope that I may have something better and more definite to write to you further on.

As always,

Your sincere friend,

(Signed) FRANK P. WALSH.

W. Bourke Cockran writes:

My Dear Mooney—I have reached the deliberate conclusion that the appalling Judicial Crime committed against you will never be allowed to reach the consummation which induced its perpetrators to plan it.

I think it can be shown clearly to all reasonable men that we are in the presence of another Dreyfus case, the only difference being that the object of the French perversion of legal procedure to the perpetration of the very crimes which courts are organized to prevent, was exclusion (by force and threats of force) of Jews from the Army; while the object of your prosecution for a crime repugnant to every element of your nature, is to drive laborers from organizing, by killing a man who has had the temerity to urge some of his fellows to form unions for their own protection.

If we can succeed in making this clear to the public mind, I have no doubt that the popular conscience of America will prove itself as capable and as eager to overrule the plans of the men who are conspiring to encompass the destruction of your life, as the conscience of France showed itself to defeat the men who, in adjudging Dreyfus guilty of treason, had succeeded in perverting to the destruction of Liberty and Character the very agencies organized to defend them.

Depressed as I was when met by a sense of utter helplessness to avert a calamity which threatens not merely your life, but the whole fabric of Civilization (for the whole purpose of Civilization is protection of life, which agencies of Civilization are here conspiring to destroy), I probably failed to appreciate the force of your suggestion when it was made yesterday.

But now I am convinced that the justice which appears to have fled from the California courts will be found to have taken refuge in the bosoms of the men and women who constitute the masses of our population, and their decision will be enforced against the officials who have foresworn their oaths to satisfy the malice and cupidity of corporation employers.

So be of good cheer. Your conviction may yet prove to be a source of such judicial reforms as will prevent forever the repetition of the conspiracy which has had you for its object; but which has not yet succeeded (and please God it never will succeed) in making you its victim.

Pray give my cordial regards to your companions in persecution, and also to the splendid woman whose devotion and self-renunciation have given me new and higher regard for our common humanity.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) W. BOURKE COCKRAN.

The Industrial Relations Committee, through George P. West, reports after careful examination from all sides:

Supported by the greatest financial interests in America, a powerful group of capitalists and employers in San Francisco has undertaken a campaign to crush trade unionism in the Pacific Coast metropolis. * * *

My investigation leaves not the slightest doubt that Mooney, Mrs. Mooney, Nolan, Billings and Weinberg are being prosecuted primarily because of their activity in conducting strikes and attempting to organize the unorganized. * * *

The district attorney of San Francisco, C. M. Fickert, was put into office by the United Railroads. He has the hearty endorsement and full confidence of the "Law and Order Committee" of the Chamber of Commerce.

This was expressed to me by Hugh Webster, the committee's Executive Secretary. * * *

Should Nolan, Mooneys, Billings and Weinberg be sent to the gallows for murder, there is not the slightest question that their conviction will be heralded throughout the United States as additional proof that organized Labor or the union shop can not be tolerated in a law-abiding community.

Eugene V. Debs, too, is in the battle and the whole Socialist Party seems on the verge of showing its best spirit in a whole-souled fight for justice.

From across the seas the Syndicalist Federation of Labor has sent a large donation to the defense from Amsterdam, Holland,

and assures Tom Mooney and the boys that the organized labor movement of Holland is with them to the finish of the fight.

The date for the blackest crime in California history is set for May 17th. That is when Tom Mooney is booked to mount the scaffold and die for trying to organize the employees of the United Railroads.

To those perverted persons who glean their livelihood by making dead clay of what had been a brother man, we make the suggestion that the noose for Tom Mooney's neck be woven from the trolley ropes of the United Railroads.

But away with cynicism! **Tom Mooney must not be allowed to die.**

Send your orders for *The Frame-Up System* to International Workers' Defense League, 210 Russ Building, San Francisco.

Through the Baptism of Blood

Romain Rolland.

THE European thought of tomorrow is with the armies. The furious intellectuals in one camp and the other who insult one another do not represent it at all. The voice of the peoples who will return from the war, after having experienced the terrible reality, will send back into the silence of obscurity these men who have revealed themselves as unworthy to be spiritual guides of the human race. Amongst those who thus retire more than one St. Peter will then hear the cock crow, and will weep saying, "Lord, I have denied thee!" The destinies of humanity will rise superior to those of all the nations. Nothing will be able to prevent the re-forming of the bonds between the thought of the hostile nations. Whatever nation should stand aside would commit suicide. For by means of these bonds the

tide of life is kept in motion. But they have never been completely broken, even at the height of the war. The war has even had the sad advantage of grouping together throughout the universe the minds who reject national hatred. It has tempered their strength, it has welded their wills into a solid block. Those are mistaken who think that the ideals of a free human fraternity are at present stifled! They are but silent under the gag of military (and civil) dictation which reigns throughout Europe. But the gag will fall, and they will burst forth with explosive force. I am agonized by the sufferings of millions of innocent victims, sacrificed today on the field of battle, but I have no anxiety for the future unity of European society. It will be realized anew. The war of today is its baptism of blood.

Is the Horror of Bloodshed a Neurosis?

THE apologists for war with all its brutalities have found another indictment against the pacifists. They have made a discovery. They say that those who hate war simply suffer from a neurosis, the horror of bloodshed being a "well-known" minor nervous disease. Perhaps so. If horror of brutality and bloodshed is a neurosis, then I confess I am one of its victims,—and am rather proud of the fact. But may we remind the public that if the horror of bloodshed is a "well-known" neurosis, the love of bloodshed is a well-known pervers-

sion? May we remind the good editors and war apologists that lust-murder and sadism are phenomena well known to psychiatrists? May we also suggest the possibility of the truth of the assertion made by many students that *some* people go to war not out of patriotic motives, but out of sadistic impulses?

If those who hate, detest and abhor war are suffering from a neurosis, those who love and glorify and apotheosize war are suffering from one of the vilest of human perversions—sadism in its bloodiest, cruellest and most atavistic manifestations.

—WM. ROBINSON in *Critic and Guide*

What! Honest Senators!

Robert Minor

WE hesitate to make such a radical statement as that honesty can survive in a United States Senator, but nevertheless two or three Senators engaged in the filibuster against the law to make Wilson a dictator with power to make war at pleasure, have given suspicious signs of being honest.

We wouldn't go so far as to say that any great number of Senators could be honest; for instance, there's "Gum-shoe Bill" Stone of Missouri, who probably is on the side of decency because he represents a multitude of Missouri Germans, whose indecent prejudices paradoxically align them now against the war. But so elusive is the key to human character that honesty will creep up anywhere that we least expect it. There is so much strength and weakness mixed into every character that classifications are hard and even "Gum-shoe Bill" has for the past two years been astonishing those who thought they knew him, by his singularly decent and intelligent opposition to the Wall Street bomb-throwers—who throw shiploads of bombs across the Atlantic Ocean.

Senator La Follette has long been a strange sight of an apparently clean man who can remain clean through years spent in that Washington pig-sty, the Senate.

"The little group of twelve wifful men" which is leading the fight in the Senate against leaving to the pleasure of one man the matter of plunging a hundred million Americans into war, are good to hear about, whatever their motives may be, hyphenated vote or what not.

Yes, and there's even an honest publisher—it seems. Oswald Garrison Villard, publisher of the New York *Evening Post*, the only big New York paper that pretends to give sincere news, stated in plain English the point of view of his reactionary class. Mr. Villard said in a public speech: "I have too much proof of people who give large checks to the preparedness and universal service movements on the ground that this will lead to the suppression of the coming social revolution, for me to have any doubt that that is one of the main factors behind the agitation."

DEFENSE FUND SAN FRANCISCO LABOR PRISONERS

Per Alexander Berkman.

Total collected to January 15.....	\$2,722.08
Grupo Anarquista, Boston, Mass.....	5.00
Bessie Kimmelman, New York.....	.50
R. N. Douglas, Postville, Iowa.....	1.00
Hilda Kovner, Boston, Mass.....	3.75
Hjolmer Hakason, Waukeegan, Ill. (I. N. O. V.).....	3.00
Mrs. E. A. Riley, Los Angeles, Cal.....	2.50

\$2,737.83

Previously to League.....	\$2,722.08
To Henry Hagelstein.....	3.75
To Robert Minor.....	12.00

March 15, to Defense League.....\$2,737.83

THE BLAST SUSTAINING FUND From January 15 to March 15

W. H. Johnson, Dallas, Texas.....	\$5.00
T. H. Bell, Phoenix, Arizona.....	5.00
Jennie Arnott, Palo Alto, Cal.....	1.00
Group Light and Freedom, N. Y.....	5.00
Ellen Kennan, Denver, Colo.....	4.00
John Speis, Denver, Colo.....	4.00
Gertrude Nafe, Denver, Colo.....	1.00
Italian Group, Philadelphia, per Cronaca Sovversiva.....	5.00
M. Van Appeldoorn, Rochester, N.Y.....	2.00
Circola Di Studi Sociali, Rosland, O.....	3.00
Grupo Anarquista, Boston, Mass.....	2.00
S. Rosenthal, Oakland, Cal.....	2.00
Grupo Libertario, Iowa.....	2.00
Nathan Bassis, Philadelphia, per Sub. List.....	10.00
Group Bread and Freedom, Spring- field, Mass.....	12.00
John Chiara, Benicia, Cal.....	1.00
Rubin Edelstein, Philadelphia.....	2.00

Total.....\$66.00

CONTRIBUTIONS RECEIVED FOR RICARDO MAGON

A. Hockstatter, New York.....	\$.50
Constantine Tarbol, Livingston, Ill.....	7.00

Feb. 24, turned over to Magons.....\$7.50

WERE half the power that fills the
world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed
on camp and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from
error,

There were no need of arsenals or forts.
—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Do you realize the Importance of a

FEARLESS PRESS ?

Subscribe and get others to
subscribe for

THE BLAST

\$1.00 the Year

569 Dolores St., San Francisco

New York Political Prisoners Ball

Saturday Eve., April 7, 1917

HARLEM RIVER CASINO

127th St. and Second Ave., New York

**Cell-Booth Bazaar
Prison Garb Costumes**

**BENEFIT SAN FRANCISCO LABOR
DEFENSE**

Tickets 25c Hat Check 25c

Decorations by Most Prominent
Artists of New York

Chicago Readers Take Notice !

W. Bourke Cockran

Ex-Senator, Famous Orator, who volunteered to defend Tom Mooney without fee in San Francisco, will address a mass meeting under the auspices of

The Chicago Federation of Labor

AT

Coliseum

March 25, 1917

Mr. Bourke Cockran will tell the real facts of the trial and conviction of Tom Mooney, organizer of the street car men in San Francisco, who has been condemned to die May 17th.

IF TOM MOONEY DIE

Then Three Million Union Men Will
Know the Reason Why

JOHN G. LAWLOR

ATTORNEY AT LAW

Pacific Building, Market and Fourth Sts.
San Francisco

OUR BOOK SHOP

569 Dolores St., San Francisco

By PETER KROPOTKIN	postage
The Great French Revolution, 1789-1793, reduced from \$2.25	
to	\$1.50 .20
Modern Science and Anarch- ism	.25
An Appeal to the Young.....	.06
By EMMA GOLDMAN	postage
Anarchism and Other Essays (with Biography).....	\$1.00 .10
Social Significance of the Mod- ern Drama	1.00 .15
Anarchism and What it Really Stands For	.10
Syndicalism	.05
Patriotism	.05
Marriage and Love.....	.10
The Philosophy of Atheism and The Failure of Chris- tianity	.10
Mother Earth, Anarchist Monthly, 10c a copy.....	\$1.00 a year
PRISON MEMOIRS OF AN ANARCHIST, By Alexander Berkman	\$1.25 .15
SELECTED WORKS OF VOL- TAIRINE de CLEYRE.....	1.00 .15
ANARCHISM, By Dr. Paul Eltzbacher	1.50 .15
A clear-cut, impartial analysis of the various Anarchist theories by a scientific investigator.	
LIBERTY and the GREAT LIBERTARIANS	1.00 .15
Compiled by Charles T. Sprading. The first anthology on liberty. An indispensable book.	
THE EGO AND HIS OWN, by Max Stirner	\$0.75 .15
SPEECHES OF THE CHI- CAGO ANARCHISTS.....	.30 .10
SYNDICALISM AND THE CO-OPERATIVE COMMON- WEALTH, by Pataud and Pouget	.50 .10
SONGS OF LOVE AND RE- BELLION, by Covington Hall	.50
	Price
What Every Girl Should Know, by Margaret Sanger	.50
What Every Mother Should Know, by Margaret Sanger	.50
The God Pest, by John Most. Pub- lished in No. 18 of The Crucible, Agnostic Weekly	.05
THE LITTLE REVIEW, Mar- garet Anderson, Editor (Chi- cago). A bold literary icon- oclast	15c a copy
EVERYMAN, monthly by Luke North (Los Angeles).....	10c a copy

WAR AGAINST WAR

THE DAWN

A National Peace Magazine,

Edited by James Waldo Fawcett and
Leigh Danen.

Published Every Saturday

At 63 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

10 cents the copy.

A SANE VOICE IN A MAD WORLD

Write for sample copy today.